

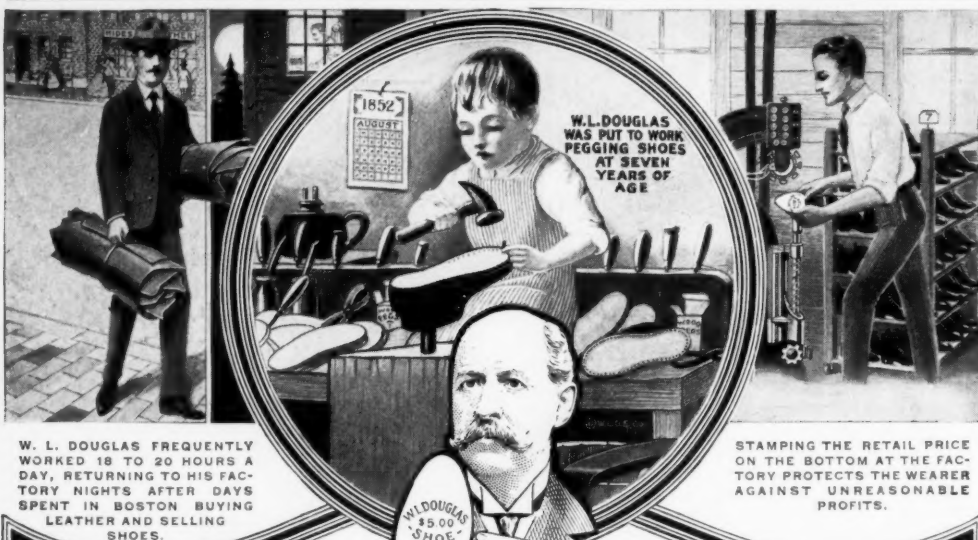
NOTICE TO READER
When you finish reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas.

NO WRAPPING

NO ADDRESS



"WELL! CAN YOU BEAT THAT?"



W. L. DOUGLAS FREQUENTLY WORKED 18 TO 20 HOURS A DAY, RETURNING TO HIS FACTORY NIGHTS AFTER DAYS SPENT IN BOSTON BUYING LEATHER AND SELLING SHOES.

BEGAN MANUFACTURING

JULY 8 1876

STAMPING THE RETAIL PRICE ON THE BOTTOM AT THE FACTORY PROTECTS THE WEARER AGAINST UNREASONABLE PROFITS.

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

W. L. DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

\$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 \$5.00 \$6.00 \$7.00 & \$8.00

BOYS SHOES Best in the World \$3.00 \$3.50

You'll never need to ask "What is the price?" when the shoe salesman is showing you W. L. Douglas shoes because the actual value is determined and the retail price fixed at the factory before W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom. The stamped price is W. L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them.

Stamping the price on every pair of shoes as a protection against high prices and unreasonable profits is only one example of the constant endeavor of W. L. Douglas to protect his customers. W. L. Douglas name on shoes is his pledge that they are the best in materials, workmanship and style possible to produce at the price. Into every pair go the results of sixty-six years experience in making shoes, dating back to the time when W. L. Douglas was a lad of seven, pegging shoes.

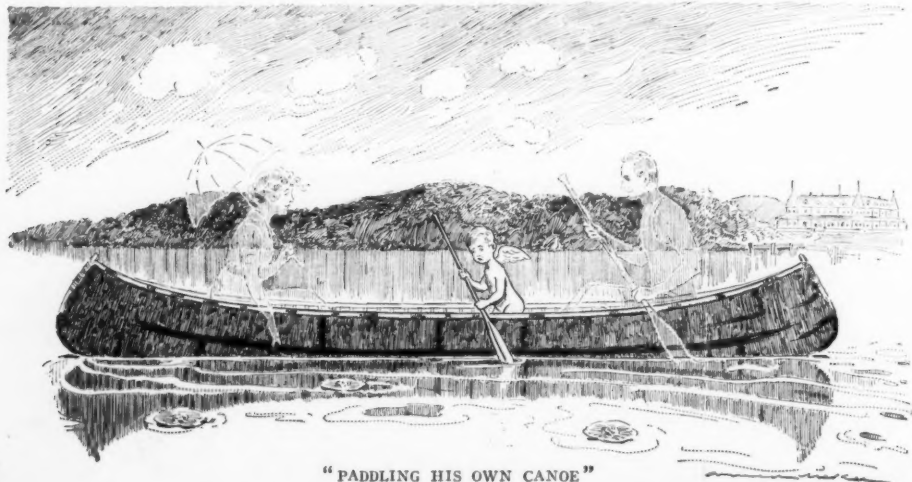
The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

CAUTION—Before you buy be sure W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom and the inside top facing. If the stamped price has been mutilated, BEWARE OF FRAUD.

For sale by 105 W. L. Douglas stores and over 9000 W. L. Douglas dealers, or can be ordered direct from W. L. Douglas by mail. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes through the mail, postage free.

W. L. Douglas

President W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE COMPANY, 147 SPARK STREET, BROCKTON - MASS.



"PADDLING HIS OWN CANOE"

Indian Relics

THE Sage Usu held a council to determine what was the thing of greatest value to a man. When the competitors were together the first one stepped forth and said:

"You may laugh, but it's money. Isn't money most sought for by the majority?"

The second said:

"Love is of greatest value. Love with poverty is greater than riches without love."

Said the third:

"It's temperament. With the right temperament a man may defy the gods."

Said the fourth:

"The thing of greatest value to any man is a disregard for the opinions of others."

The fifth came forward, bowed and said:

"Highness, it is now your turn. Take my place."

The Sage Usu, perceiving a body of suffragettes coming for whom he desired votes at the approaching election, thereupon replied:

"Woman!"

Then all the married men in the council fell upon him and beat him to death.

MARGARET: I'm going to Mrs. Baker's to play auction this afternoon. I always win a prize there.

KATHERINE: Well, you may have better luck to-day.

The name is always in the glove.



Fownes quality is always Fownes quality—in war times as in any other times. Since 1777 that name has been an international guide-mark to good gloves.

Leather, fur, silk, fabric. At the Principal Shops.

American art and skill have produced FILOSETTE surpassing any fabric glove imported before the war.

FOWNES

Have You a Little War-Fan in Your Home?

HAVE you a little War-Fan in your home?

Does he get haggard over boundary lines and mutter things like "Japanese-expansioninmanchuria"?

Does he pull old envelopes violently from his pocket and draw maps for you—in spite of your screams?

Does he try to make you believe that a race called Finns really exists—"respectable married people, owning umbrellas"?

Is he bursting with little ideas about Ireland?

Did he bring a lousy and horrible Student's Handy Globe into your young life?

Are fat tomes like "The Great War," "Russia's Message" and "The Ruhlben Prison Camp" crowding your book shelves?

Are your wicker chair-arms bulging with magazines with heavily marked war articles in them—dull-looking things like *The Yale Review*, *The Atlantic*, *The North American*, *The Nineteenth Century And After* and *The New Republic*?

Have *LIFE*, *Vanity Fair* and cheerful, human periodicals with Neysa McMein covers come to look positively immoral in your living-room?

Do you knit two and purl two, night after night, without one kind, personal word—and are you still young and pretty?

Four years this August . . .

How do you suppose they get that way?

The Finns—Fancy!

THE secret of the Pyramids has just been revealed. The Pharaohs were all regular subscribers to *LIFE*, and each Tuesday would repair to the inmost chambers of these massive monuments to enjoy without interruption the weekly copy of their favorite journal.



"I'LL PUT YOU IN THE COMMISSARY, WILLIE. I SEE YOU'VE GOT DEFECTIVE



Smile



Smile



MILITARY No 7



Smile

Khaki Service Outfit

GEM DAMASKEEN RAZOR

Brighten his Christmas with a GEM

Who smiles while shaving?—the man with a **GEM**—however stiff his beard. Smiles over his **GEM Service Outfit** in its neat, compact little khaki case—Smiles on the hike at its featherweight—Smiles in the trenches as he shows it to his comrades—Smiles because he knows that in that little case are seven of those wonderful **GEM Blades**, which guarantee a quick, comfortable shave any time, anywhere—use a **GEM** and smile.

Smile as you shave—the Gem way for over a quarter of a century—millions of Gems now in use.

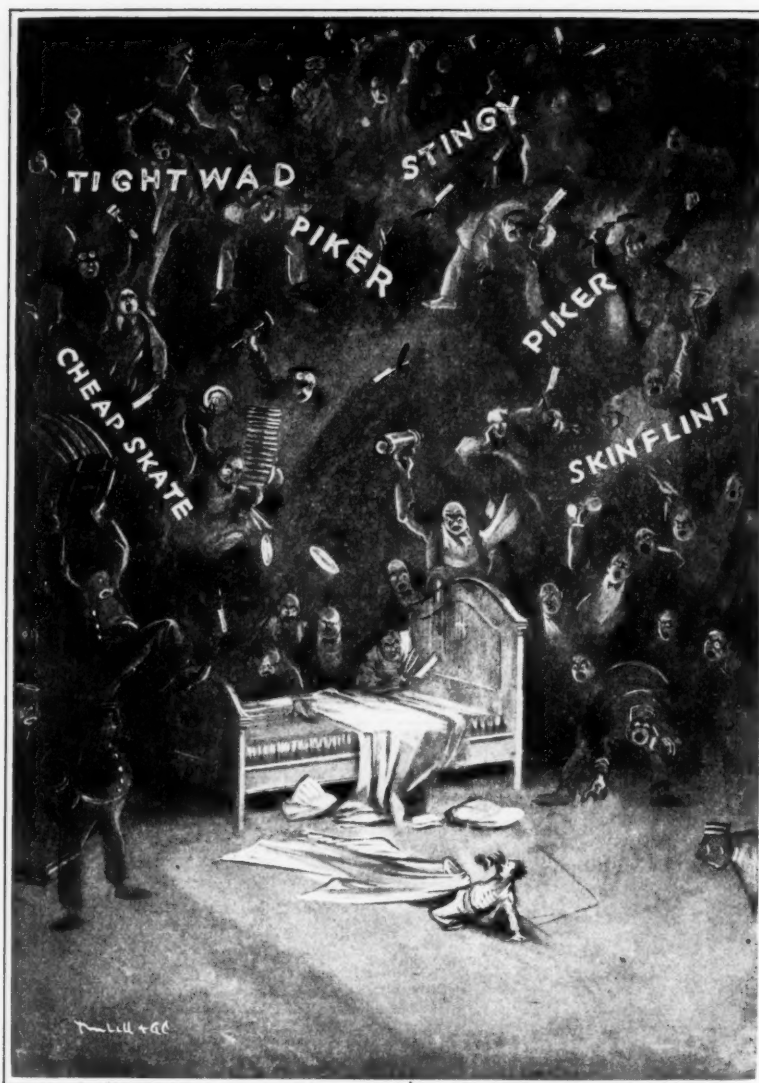
\$1.00 GEM Outfit Complete

Outfit with Trench Mirror \$1.35

Add 50c. to above prices, for Canada

Gem Cutlery Company, Inc., New York
Canadian Branch, 591 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal





How you feel at this season of the year
when you temporarily forget to become a
regular subscriber to LIFE.

The One Christmas Gift

that can be sent the boys overseas; thousands
of copies go each week.

American Sailors and Soldiers all like LIFE.
So do the Marines.

Send them a subscription.

Domestic rates are sufficient if subscriptions
are sent to ships whose mail goes in care of
the New York Postmaster, or to Soldiers and
Marines if sent to them as members of the
American Expeditionary Forces if no local
foreign address be given.

For the fleets and armies of our Allies, the
rate is \$6.04.

A Christmas card will be sent if request is made in order

As We Have Before

Remarked in this occasionally interesting page,
the great Christmas Number of LIFE is coming. It will be issued
the first Tuesday in December. To describe the
joys of this number in advance would be im-
modest. It is a double number. Its price is
25 cents.

Extract from a letter from a Canadian soldier at the front to the folks at home: "I look back upon all the LIVES that have cheered us up for so long. Many a smile they have brought to our tired faces. They have reached us all over France and Belgium. I remember one bunch at Wiltgie, two miles in front of Ypres; and another at Passchendael. One bunch came in at Arras, one in a field on the march. Some day I will tell you all about it."

Enclosed find five dollars (Canadian \$5.52, Foreign \$6.04). Send LIFE for one year to

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)



\$400 in Prizes

If you've ever used ZYMOLE TROKEYS you'll be so enthusiastic about them that you'll feel like writing jingles. Tell about them—why they keep voices fit—why they are so good for husky throats—and you may win one of the big prizes. First, \$150; second, \$100; third, \$75; fourth, \$25; and five \$10 prizes. Send your rhyme to the Life Department before Dec. 15th, 1918.

Frederick Stearns & Company
42 East Jefferson Ave. Detroit, Mich.

Zymole Trokeys
"FOR HUSKY THROATS"

Rhymed Reviews

The Rough Road

(By William J. Locke. John Lane Co.)

THIS pleasing tale of tears and mirth
Concerns itself with "Doggie"
Trevor,

Who wouldn't try to move the earth
If handed Archimedes' lever.

Much like a Pomeranian pup
(The author says), in cushioned
blisses

His foolish mother brought him up
A very paragon of sissies.

He sang, embroidered, always kept
His trousers pressed in proper
creases,
And worked at little else, except
Collecting dinky "masterpieces."

Too frail, he thought, for war's red
whirl,

He would have dodged it altogether;
But some ungentlemanly girl
Bestowed on him a snow-white
feather.

That sent him off. He strove to wear
A sub-lieutenant's puttees proudly.
Alas! he couldn't ride, or swear,
Or even give an order loudly.

But when Lieutenant Colonel Caird
Politely begged his resignation,
Though crushed to earth, he gamely
dared
To take a Tommy's humble station.

He fought and bled and braved mis-
chance
In shell-swept trenches, cold and
soggy,
And won a lovely maid of France—
Our gentle, true and gallant Doggie.

Which proves, when all is done and said,
That stern Adversity can model
(Provided he's a thoroughbred)
A Hero from a Mollycoddle.
Arthur Guiterman.

THE early Assyrians knew nothing
of Christmas as we observe it.
Therefore they knew nothing of the
pleasure to both giver and receiver in-
volved in sending an annual subscrip-
tion to LIFE as a Christmas present.

WHO IS THIS?



*It is the
Tired
Business
Man*

He is chain-lightning in his office. He knows
all about the bank-statement, the corn crop,
the freight-car shortage, the liquidation of
Smith-Jones, Inc., and the drop in Iceland
Moss Preferred. He can quote you, instantly,
the August production of his Grand Rapids
branch factory to one-tenth of one percent.

But socially! great Beatrice Fairfax!

He is lost at a dance; swamped at a dinner;
helpless when confronted with hostesses,
buds, dowagers, visiting French generals,
literary lions, Hindu musicians, Japanese
dancers; dumb at discussions of Eli Nadel-
man's sculpture, or golf, or airplane produc-
tion, or pedigreed dogs.

Sometimes, in his secret soul, he wonders
how other men get on so well with people
who are, to him, as incomprehensible as the
dodo.

And yet it's so easy—so simple—so inex-
pensive to learn.

All he needs is to tear off that coupon and
spend a single dollar for the forward-march-
ing magazine of modern American life—its
arts, sports, dances, fashions, books, operas,
gaeties, and humors: Vanity Fair.

Vanity Fair costs \$3 a year—35 cents a copy.
There is more joyous fun-making and men-
tal stimulation in one single copy than in
fourteen yards of Bergson or Ralph Waldo
Emerson. Yet, if you do not know Vanity
Fair, or would like to know it better, you
may have five whole copies for an insignifi-
cant dollar—six, if you mail the coupon now.

Five Issues of Vanity Fair for \$1

Six, if you mail the coupon now.
Stop where you are! Tear off that coupon!

VANITY FAIR, 19 West 44th Street, New York City

I want to go through life with my mind open; to keep my sympathies warm; to keep in touch with the newest and
liveliest influences of modern life. Therefore, I want you to send me the next FIVE numbers of Vanity Fair. I
will remit \$1 on receipt of your bill (OR) my favorite dollar is inclosed. I understand that if this order is
received in time, you will send me a complimentary copy of the current issue, making SIX issues in all.

Name Street

City State



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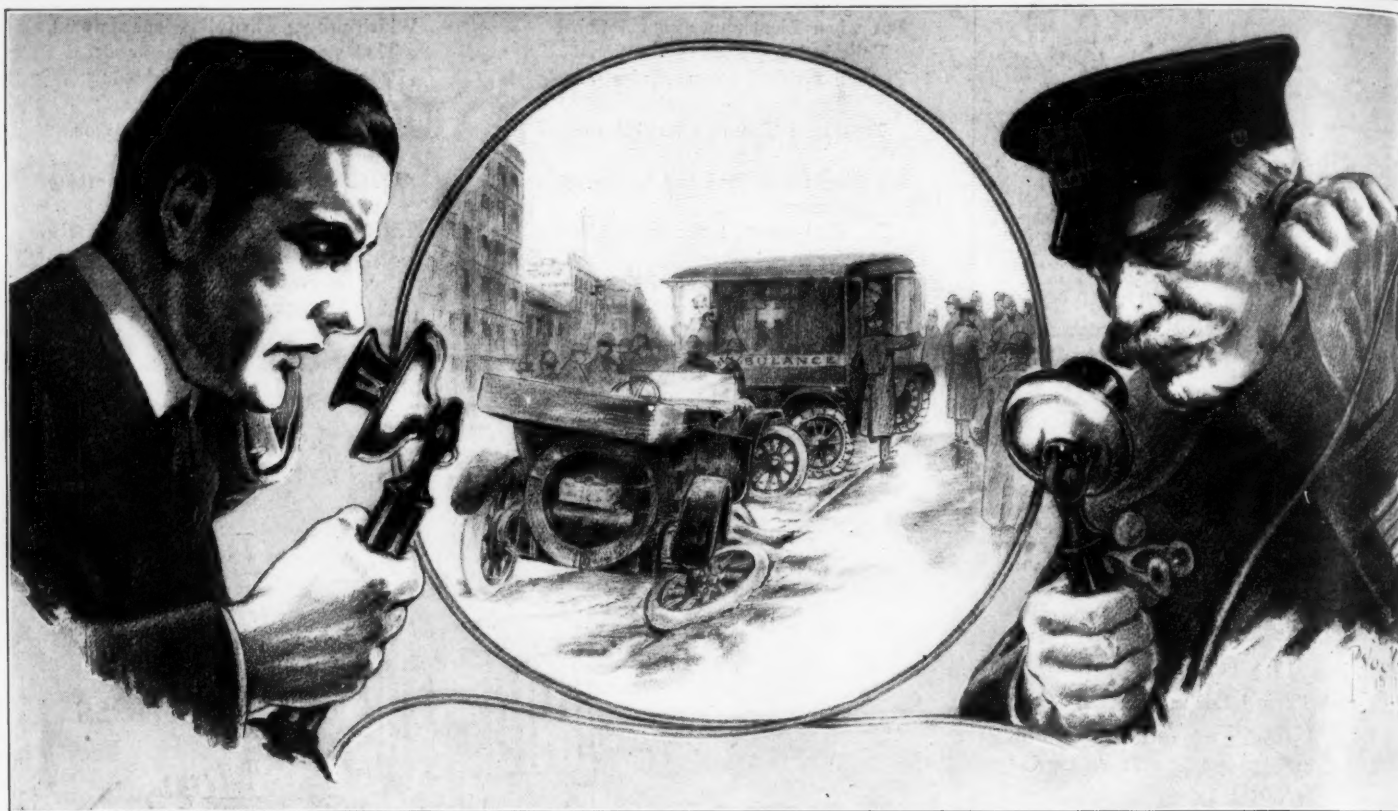
SEXOLOGY

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D.

imparts in a clear, wholesome
way, in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.
MORTAN PUB. CO., 797 PERRY BLDG., PHILA., PA.



“What! My Car?”

“Yes! skidded—and it’s up to you. You failed to provide the chauffeur with Tire Chains. Only good luck saved your wife from paying the supreme penalty for your negligence. She’s on the way to the hospital painfully injured, but the doctor thinks she’ll pull through. You’d better hurry to the hospital and then report to Headquarters.”

How strange it is that disaster must come to some men before they realize that all makes and types of tires will skid on wet pavements and muddy roads when not equipped with Chains.

These men do not appreciate until too late, that by failing to provide Weed Anti-Skid Chains they

expose their families to injury and death.

The time to provide against accidents is before they happen. Don’t wait until after the first skid. Put Weed Chains on all four tires at the first indication of slippery going and you will have quadruple protection against injury, death, car damage and law suits.



Weed Chains are Sold for All Tires by Dealers Everywhere

American Chain Company, Incorporated

BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

IN CANADA ; DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY, LIMITED, NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO.

LIFE



OUR VILLAGE CAN'T WAIT FOR THE RETURN OF ITS FIRST WINNER OF THE WAR CROSS

The Test

"I MUST have clothes."

The young and beautiful woman looked at her husband appealingly.

"What kind of clothes, dear?" he asked.

"All kinds—sables and other furs, house gowns and street gowns and evening gowns, party wraps, tailor-made suits, lingerie—everything in the way of clothes. Regardless of the war, regardless of expense, regardless of everything—I must have clothes."



THE ENEMY BRINGS UP HIS LAST LINE OF RESERVES

He wrote out a check for five thousand dollars.

"Here, dear," he said, "go out and buy what you want. I can never refuse you."

She disappeared. The next day she returned. There they were—clothes of every description; but not what she described—children's clothes, woolen wraps, flannels, sweaters, blankets, mufflers. They were more suitable for convalescent soldiers and impoverished non-combatants than for a society woman.

He gazed at them in despair.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

"I knew that if I asked you for something more to win the war with, you would say you had already gone the limit. So I asked you for something that I had not asked for so long

that, knowing the masculine mind, I believed that you would be fooled into giving me. Was I right?"

"No, darling," he replied. "I gave you that money because I knew that, being a woman, even if you had a sudden impulse to wear expensive clothes, you would, in the end, wind up by doing just what all the other women are doing."

Purely Private

"ANY boys in the service, Nancy?"

"No, ma'am. I only got three girls; but mah son-in-law, Frank, he done go the fust of the wah. I done know jus' what he is, but he is right smaht, and he had orders from Washington, fust thing. We done know if he's a soldier or what, but he's been in seben places in France, and all them addresses are marked 'Private.'"



"SAY, GEN'RAL, IF YE NEED FIGHTIN' MEN ANY TIME, JUST LEMME KNOW,
'COS THEY AIN'T A BUNCH NOWHERE CAN LICK THEM GUYS"

The Sweets of Victory

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The sugarbowl that stood
Upon the table, always filled,
So he could take who would.
I never gave a thought to it,
That plenteous sweetness white;
But now I miss it every day
And dream of it by night!

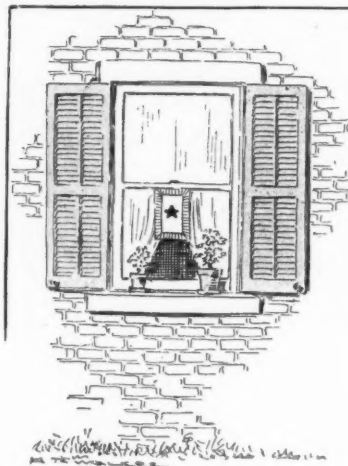
I remember, I remember,
The toothsome layer-cake
With fragrant icing on the top
That melted like a flake,
The sparkling lumps I used to drop
Within my coffee cup,
The spoonfuls strewed on cereals
And never counted up!

I remember, I remember,
The cookies crumbly-sweet,
The luscious crullers, puddings, pies,
Unhooverized, complete.
I never knew my blessings then;
But now—at triumph's goal,
Carved on the arch of Victory,
I'll hail the sugarbowl!

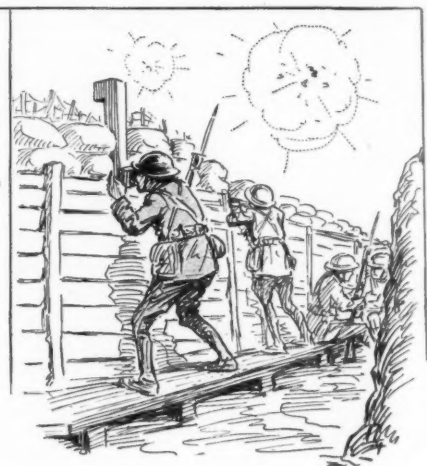
Priscilla Leonard.

"I'M a mechanic, and I'm looking for
a job."

"How much money do you want?"
"How much have you got?"



HER WINDOW



AND HIS

The Day's Work

THE ALL HIGHEST: Crown Prince, have you had those aged Belgian peasants shot for insubordination?

CROWN PRINCE: Yes, papa.

"Have our enemy's base hospitals been thoroughly bombed?"

"Yes, papa."

"Are cities we are retreating from being destroyed?"

"Yes, papa."

"Are our prisoners being starved and beaten as usual?"

"Yes, papa."

Permanent Peace Conditions

Which Might Be Imposed on a Certain Well Known Country More or Less Anxious to Live Up to Its Ideals

A NEW school system.

The authorship of all war books to be confined to those who have actually done the fighting.

Internment of restaurant proprietors with an indemnity of one billion.

Regulation and gradual elimination of loquacious lady who goes about explaining to everyone just what she has done to help beat the Germans.

Deportation and dismemberment of all yellow journalists.

Segregation of all prohibitionists to interior of Kansas.

An old-age pension system for all professional humorists.

A dry Wall Street.

Making the intellectual world safe against college professors.

"Are our soldiers decorating their bayonets with the bodies of Belgian children?"

"Yes, papa."

"Are we still shipping the young womanhood of France and Belgium into Germany for slavery and worse?"

"Yes, papa."

"Very well, then, tell the staff to come in to prayers."

Her Sovereign Right

"WHAT happened to your cook? Did she leave?"

"She abdicated."



He: THAT'S EITHER THE BABY OR THE CAT CRYING. WHAT SHALL I DO?
 She: IF IT'S THE CAT, FEED HER; IF IT'S THE BABY, LET HIM CRY; FOR SCIENCE SAYS THAT IS
 BEST FOR HIM.

Why Not Abolish "Germany?"

IT will be impossible to abolish what we know as "the Germans." They will survive the war in all their varieties.

To many persons, very many, this will be a sad thought, but however sad, it is true.

In a letter from Verdun, written early in October, a conscientious young American soldier said: "Everyone is sore at being here, and wants to get into Germany and begin the atrocities and then go home."

That will be the way of it. Even if the Allies and the Americans get into Germany before the Germans surrender, they will not make a thorough job of atrocities. They could manage no more than a beginning of them at the

very most, and then they would want to quit and go home.

No; "the Germans" will survive; hordes of them, male and female, young and old, and they will go on living.

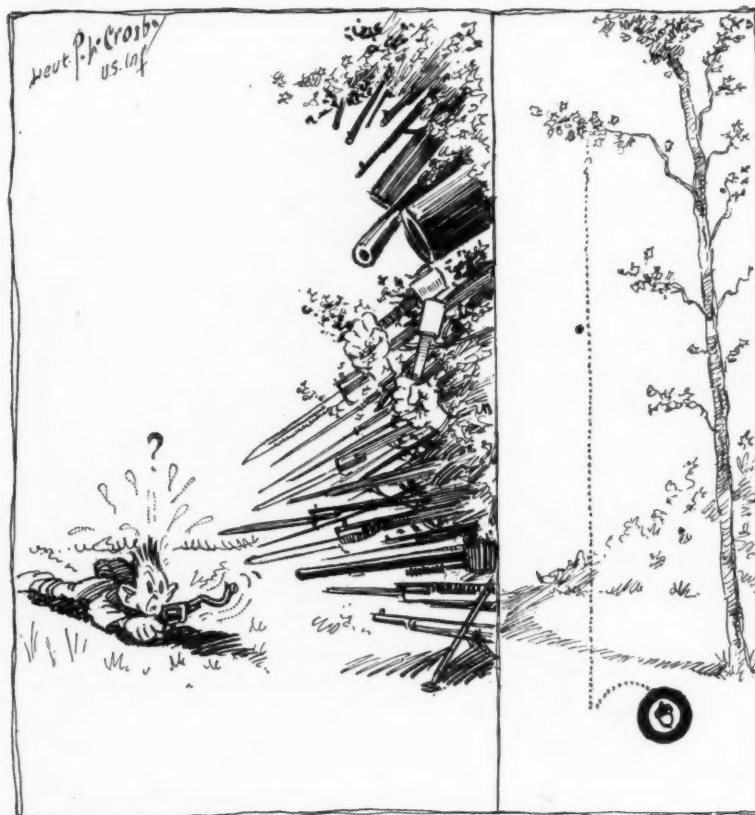
But why should "Germany" survive?

"Germany" is a name, an idea, a political suggestion. The name is steeped in filth, blood and dishonor; the idea has burst; the political suggestion is abhorred and cursed out wherever men go on two legs. The land that is covered by "Germany" will remain; the states that it includes—Bavaria, Saxony, Prussia and the rest—will remain; but why should "Germany" survive?

There is excellent supernatural authority for thinking that it won't. The ingenious Brother Johannes, whose seventeenth century forecast of the tre-

mendous performances of the Antichrist towards the year 2000 has been making fairly good since 1914, predicted that the empire of Antichrist would go bust and be divided in twenty-two states. The excellent but much less ancient prophecy of Mayence, which also seems to deal with the present complication, saw it end in the annihilation of Prussia and Austria, the escape of Hungary to the east, and the revolution of Germany and Austria into three realms: Poland, Hanover and Saxony.

To these suggestions add those of Bro. Ralph Adams Cram, who, though hospitable to the supernatural, is not unacquainted either with maps or figures. He has published "A Plan for the Settlement of Middle Europe" and a new map of Europe after the war, on which Germany does not appear. A province of Hanover is in it, and en-



HOW YOU FELT WHEN YOU HEARD THAT NOISE
IN THE BUSH IN THE ENEMY'S LINE—

AND WHAT REALLY CAUSED
THE NOISE

closures named Saxony, Bavaria, Bohemia, Poland and Hungary, and a little Prussia to the north, and a trimmed-down Austria to the south, and Serbia, Rumania and the rest, but no "Germany." There is no German Empire on Bro. Cram's map, nor any Austro-Hungarian monarchy. He considers that the war has abolished those things, or will abolish them, and in mercy to those who were lately their constituent peoples he has removed their names from his chart. "German," he says, is a branded name that to the end of time can only stand as the incarnation of malignant falsity and obscene bloodthirstiness, aggravated by a kind of devilish ingenuity. No penalty so harsh, he thinks, could be imposed on the people who live in what was lately the German Empire as to leave that name on the map and call its people "Germans." The world, he says, cannot look forward to a Central Europe as an eternal pariah, ostracized

and outlawed. That would not do. He would have "the fine old qualities of Saxony and Thuringia, of Swabia and Bavaria, of Franconia and the Rhineland," escape from under the Prussian lid, shake off the German shame-coat, and under their own names start a new life.

That really shows good feeling in Bro. Cram, and there is very practical sense in the suggestion, and at this time of writing it seems to be coming true by bounds. Much as Judas Iscariot eternally queered the luck of the till then respectable number 13, so William Hohenzollern, who found "German" a fairly reputable word, has left it a name to be endured as a penitent wears the shroud he walks in. It is a dreadful handicap in this world now to be a German; a handicap socially, morally, politically, ethically; and it is extremely bad business. "Made in Germany" is a stigma in every market in the world outside of Central Europe. Ger-

many is gone as a first-class power. One reads the prediction in a newspaper's financial column that in twenty-five years she will probably rank about as Spain does to-day. More likely she will not rank at all, because she will have sunk, and the pieces of her will have got ashore and set up under their own names to retrieve their wreck and their dishonor. Saxons can swim as Saxons, but as Germans they will sink. So the rest, except the Prussians, whom the General Court should not allow to change their names. When it is not possible to know them by their smell, it should be practicable to know them by their label. That may encourage them to try to clean up, and missionaries should be sent to help them.

And missionaries may help, but in the main the salvation of what was Germany must be won by Germans. The Christian world has fetched them loose at vast cost from the malignant domination of Prussia. The rest—most of it—they must do for themselves. If they are to be men again and not forever brutes, they must strike out for themselves, must repent and bring forth works meet for repentance.

No one can repent for them. Their own hearts must change, and the tokens of the change must be convincing.

E. S. M.

"BILLSON says he is living on two meals a day."

"Where does he get them?"

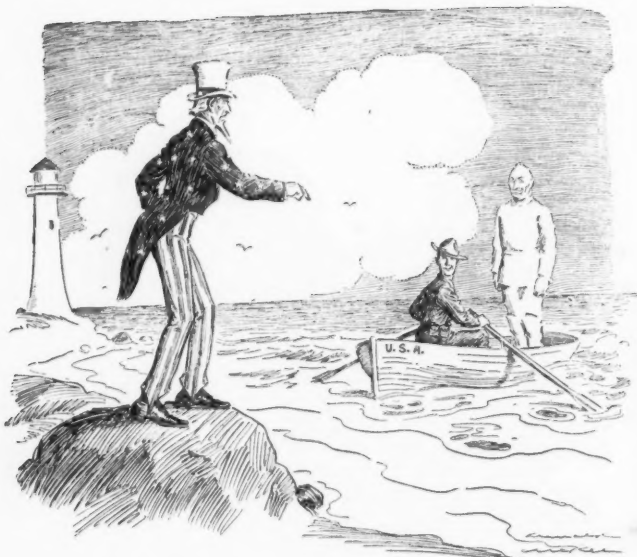


Patriotic Victim: COME ON, BILL, AND GET YOUR TAIL CUT OFF. I THINK IT'S ONE OF THOSE NON-ESSENTIALS WE'RE SUPPOSED TO DO WITHOUT.

Copyright Life Pub. Co.



TWELVE O'CLOCK



Uncle: HERE! WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE I WANT A STATUE OF THAT SCOUNDREL FOR?
"IT'S ONLY A PLASTER CAST, AND BILL'S INSIDE!"

Resolutions of the Up-in-the-Air Club of Germany

WHEREAS the soldiers of the Godless Entente Allies have invented strange and horrible methods of warfare, prominent among which are an entirely unnecessary and disorganizing respect for women and children, and a disconcerting habit of refusing to maneuver as our High Command has decided that they ought to maneuver; and

WHEREAS the contemptible and inefficient Yankees, on being outnumbered, surrounded and hopelessly defeated, kill large numbers of our brave soldiers and finally succeed in escaping with numerous prisoners, contrary to all precedents in civilized warfare, and otherwise behave toward Germany in a highly disrespectful and offensive manner; and

WHEREAS the soldiers of France, who ought to be entirely out of the war because of being bled white, insist on interfering with our irresistible armies and wrecking their plans in most annoying fashion; and

WHEREAS the British troops display their ignorance of modern warfare by leaving their trenches in broad daylight, when all respectable soldiers ought to be asleep, and coming into our trenches and messing them up and killing our noble troops before they know what is happening to them; and

WHEREAS the Entente Allies have stolen the idea of mustard gas from us and are using it against us;

WHEREAS the Americans were not able to transport an army to Europe, but have done so, and could not feed the army even though it could be transported, but are feeding it better than we ever fed our armies in our lives,

BE IT RESOLVED, that the present war does not meet with our approval, and that something ought to be done about it, and that we do not care to play unless things are changed, and that we will not stop because if we did we



DISADVANTAGES OF A PROPOSAL IN A SPOT RENOWNED FOR ITS ECHO

would be doing what the Entente Allies want us to do, and that the Entente Allies had better look out or they will be sorry, and that they had no business not to lose the war years ago, and that it is their fault that the war still continues, which it would not be doing if they had only quit when we wanted them to, and that their actions have been a great disappointment and that we hate them all.

Signed,

THE UP-IN-THE-AIR CLUB OF GERMANY.



"WELL, BILL, WE'LL SOON BE DONE STRAFING HUNS AND ON OUR WAY HOME."

Pessimist (stung with police duty): THAT'S ALL RIGHT FER YOU FELLAS, BUT I'LL BE TH' GUY THAT'S ELECTED TO STAY AND TIDY UP TH' BATTLEFIELDS.



EXTRACT FROM LETTER

"DEAR MOTHER: PLEASE CALL ON MRS. CLANCY AND TELL HER MY BUNKIE, HER SON, IS THE BRAVEST MAN I EVER MET"

The Sabbath Ford

WE watch the little cars go by,
Each one replete with family—
Proud chauffeur Pa and anxious Ma
And tonneau filled with progeny.
My husband, who's a dominie,
Recalls the ancient apothegm,
and says, "Yea, happy is the man
Who hath his flivver full of them!"

Trade Suggestion

IT will be a safe and sane bet that all goods of German manufacture destined for Entente countries will hereafter bear a plain and conspicuous mark, and the only question is, What mark shall be agreed upon? If the phrase, "Made in Germany," were resurrected, it would have to be translated into many languages, and where goods are transhipped from one country to another, as often happens, the inscription might not always appear in the mother tongue of the ultimate con-

sumer. Which, of course, is an intolerable and not-for-an-instant-to-be-thought-of contingency.

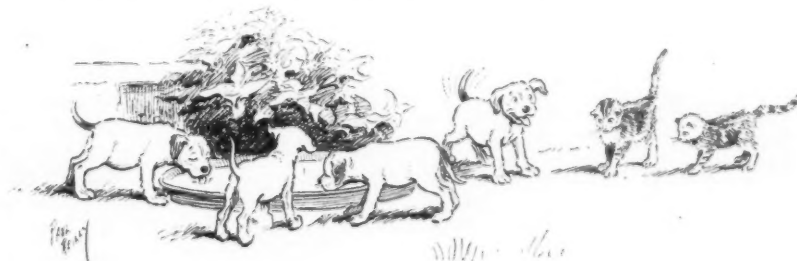
But why adopt a phrase at all, with its necessarily limited appeal, when a universal symbol or trade-mark might be substituted? This would certainly simplify matters for all of us. Germany included. And what simpler or more appropriate trade-mark could be chosen than a *red-hand*? The very savages of mid-Africa ("semi-savages," one must learn to say) would understand.

Yet it is possible that the Germans

will disapprove of this device. They may retain sufficient imagination to picture Miss Entente in the act of purchasing, let us say, a Christmas present. She has selected a baby's rattle, or perhaps a child's doll, or an illuminated text, when an idea occurs to her, and hastily turning the gift over, she discovers the crimson symbol.

"DON'T you think Dollie looks stunning?"

"Yes, indeed; her new overalls are so becoming."



"FRIENDS OF THE FAMILY INVITED TO ATTEND"



The Allies: YELL LOUDER!

True Enough.

"I AM glad the Sunday gasoline ban has been lifted," said the cheerful-looking stranger; "it will help my business."

"Are you an automobile manufacturer?" asked Dobson.

"No," replied the cheerful-looking stranger, "I'm an undertaker."

How to Know the Mild Pacifists

ASK him if he loves England; if he thinks that peace is better than war under any conditions; if he has bought any Liberty Bonds; if the German press is, if anything, better than ours; if he doesn't think Hearst has been abused—and if he doesn't knock you down, he's it.



RAPID FIRING ON THE FRONT



WHEN THREE'S COMPANY

Somewhat After Wordsworth

I MET a little pillage blade. His name was Eitel, he said; and after viewing his blood-stained hands and his lustful countenance, I remarked:

"How many may you be?"

"Oh, stranger," he replied, wiping his sword, "we are seven. Six of us in the rear-guard dwell, and the other is also there as well. My eldest brother over there, he robs and loots and strips things bare, and even in yon churchyard pries the bodies from their graves, and lies; and thus on blood and sin we thrive—me and my other brothers five."

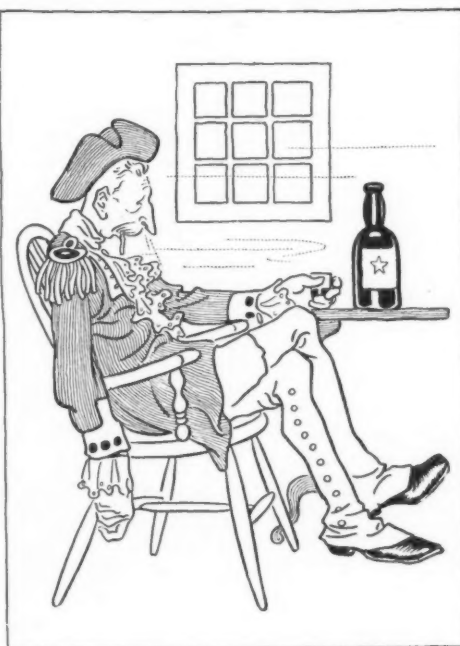
"But how," I said, "can all this be? Surely if you have brothers five, and you yourself are one, unless I am sadly mistaken in my arithmetical calculation, that would make six."

At which he smiled and shook his head. "Papa and us makes seven," he said.

His Doubt

THE VICTIM: Look here; how long are you going to keep on robbing the public?

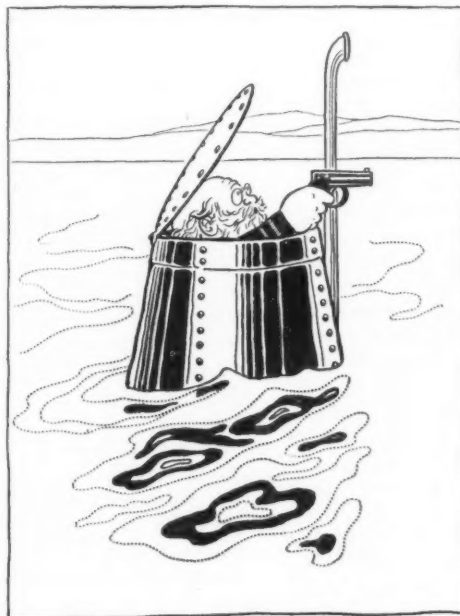
RESTAURANT KEEPER: How do I know how long the war is going to last?



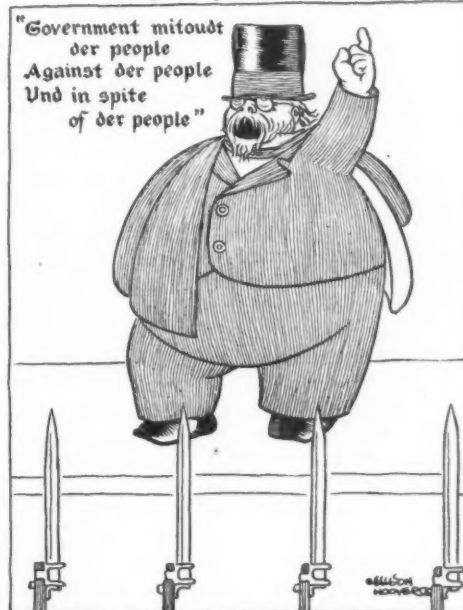
Kronprinz at Valley Forge



Wilhelm regrets that he has but one country to give its lives for him



Mirpitz crossing the Delaware



"Government mitoudt
der people
Against der people
Und in spite
of der people"

Wertling's Gettysburg speech



NOVEMBER 21, 1918

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THE war is won. All is over but the shouting, and progress has been made with that. To be sure, there are details to come, and some of them may be obstructive, and there are possibilities of things turning up that may encourage some of the Germans to throw new fits, but nothing of that sort can alter the great forth-standing fact that the war we went into is done. If there are dribbles of hostilities to come, and if they should swell into a serious revolutionary fracas, that would be a new war.

It was remarked in the observations that began this page last week that the time of writing was Monday (November 4th) in Anything-May-Happen week. Now, a week later, everything has happened. On Tuesday, the President, triumphant in war, was beaten, in a way, in the elections; on Thursday we had the fake peace and a celebration, and early on Monday morning the Germans signed the armistice and the war, as we all believe, was over. The German cities have been popping off for democracy like a pack of fire-crackers. The late Kaiser has quit and run for it to Holland, taking with him the Crown Prince, and a collection of blighted military masters from the German General Staff. The jig is up; the bubble has burst; the fat is in the fire. The President has read the terms of the armistice to Congress, and pending an opinion from Oyster Bay, there is general agreement with Mr. Wilson's words that, "the object of the war is attained with a sweeping completeness which even now we do not realize." Certainly if the conditions of the ar-

mistice do not include everything that the Allies wanted, it was because they forgot to put it in. Acceptance came from a beaten government, whose time had come, and from a thoroughly beaten people who knew they had nothing more to hope for from war.

It is a thorough job, and that is what most of us wanted. Even the army will be satisfied—the army that strained and panted to get into Germany and make it look like an illustration of what the Germans had done in France.



BUT the calmer judges, even among Frenchmen, were not eager to have the war carried onto German soil. Germany will have to pay enormous damages in money, and perhaps in labor, and the harder heads in France to which the bulk of those damages will go, did not wish the German capacity to make reparation to be too much impaired. The purpose of the German destruction in France and Belgium was to crush the spirit of those countries by "frightfulness." It is not necessary to crush the spirit of the Germans by any such means. It has been done by fair fighting. Neither does destruction of life and property in the mass strike the French intelligence as an expedient punishment for barbarities done by others than the persons punished. It is preferred that amends should be made as far as possible, and the armistice terms provide for that, and also that while all prisoners of war held in Germany shall be returned at once,

German prisoners held by the Allies shall be retained until further notice.

What terms! What terms! Alsace and Lorraine recovered! Germans to retire to the Rhine, and for a convenient distance beyond it! Bridgeheads on the Rhine to be delivered to the Allies! Great numbers of guns to be turned over; also of submarines, warships and aeroplanes! Belgium, France, Luxemburg to be evacuated, of course, and also Russia, Rumania and Turkey, and the Russian treaties to be abandoned! These are only the more important of the thirty-five details of submission to which the German representatives have had to agree to buy a respite from attack. Certainly Germany is flat on her back. No delusions about that can be left to her.

But really the Germans are in luck. The best thing that could happen to them has happened. The only hope of cure for them was in a tremendous licking, and they have had it. For forty years while they have seemed to themselves to be mounting the heights of glory, they have been going steadily down hill, getting greedier, stupider and more brutish every year, losing more and more the power of independent thought, and spiritual vision. It was the simple and absolute truth that Dr. Muehlon, once of Krupp's, said to Mr. Barron in Switzerland two months ago: "The hope for my country in this war and in the future is her defeat by arms. * * * The peril of the hour is that the Allies may become kind and humane, and extend the hand of sympathy before Germany is ready to confess the wrongs she had done and make restitution. The greatest possible disaster that could come to Germany is to escape responsibility."

Judging from the armistice terms, the danger of that disaster is by way of being averted.



WITH the armistice signed, the Kaiser in Holland and the war over, it will seem to most observers, particularly in Europe, that Mr. Wilson's political offensive has been fairly successful. Oyster Bay and Mr. Lodge and Chairman Hays and their representative friends may vociferate that Mar-



WHAT ABOUT AN ARMISTICE?

shal Foch won the war in spite of Wilson, but Europe, at least, will not undervalue our President's strategy. The *London Spectator* of October 19th found that "the vindication of President Wilson's first answer to Germany by means of questions, lies in the fact that his method prepared the way for the paralyzing answer which he addressed to the rulers of Germany on Monday. * * * The simple effect of his two notes—the effect at which he obviously aimed—is to throw the German nation back upon the necessity of a very simple choice. They must choose between the will of the Kaiser and their own will."

That was the point. The President was trying to pry the Kaiser and the German General Staff loose from the German nation. The reluctant German nation, extremely hard pounded by Marshal Foch, made its choice, and the Kaiser and the Staff crossed the Dutch frontier at a convenient point where it was not strongly guarded.

Mr. Wilson will get some credit. It will be a sad thought to the Colonel, Mr. Lodge, Chairman Hays, the *Trib-*

une, the *Globe*, the *Boston Transcript* and other statesmen and newspapers, but there seems to be no help for it. He lost the election, but on this day of writing, during the celebration of the end of the war, there were signs up in shop windows, "God Bless Our President," and though the crowds were huge, the windows remained unbroken.

Mr. Wilson is going to continue to be popular, even in this country. It is not quite accurate to say that he lost the election. His personal strength was not quite sufficient to save the Democratic Congress, which, like most Congresses, had lots of sins to account for, and deserved a beating. Kitchen and Dent were beaten, though they keep their seats, and the sectional selfishness was rebuked which let cotton go loose while it regulated wheat. And the oppressiveness of war regulation of all business had its effect, especially as the probability grew that the war would be over long before the new Congress would meet.

It may be all for the best that the next House should be Republican. In the conduct of the war, Mr. Wilson,

with public opinion behind him, has been able to induce reluctant Democratic majorities to do their duty. Why, with a new outfit of prestige, should he not do just as well with a Republican majority?



LET us hope Alfred Smith will be a good governor to New York. The Empire State needs a good governor now and then, but for a long time it has been mighty hard to get one. It is believed that Alfred knows how, but how good he wants to be, and whether he will have the nerve to be his best can only be disclosed by experiment.

The defeat of Senator Weeks in Massachusetts betokened a disposition in the voters of the Bay State to see things large and decline to let the huge accomplishment of the country under a Democratic administration be obscured by defects in detail.



· L E ·



The Drive



THE SNOW MAN

PORTRAIT OF A GERMAN SCIENTIST THINKING OVER A NEW
FORMULA FOR POISON GAS

Unreality and the Great Reality



PUNY and piffling are the plays of the theatre compared with the great historical drama which is using the world

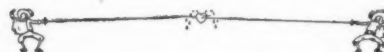
for its stage and has all the people of the world interested as audience and performers. The crumbling of kings and kingdoms that Shakespeare chronicled for the theatre were small events alongside the tremendous changes that are occurring before the very eyes of this generation. Where Shakespeare had to glean through centuries of history, the future Shakespeare can find for his historical material greater events comprised in the short period of a half-decade.

Strangely, though, trifling as the theatre may seem alongside of the fateful happenings of to-day, it perhaps never had greater opportunity than now in its mission of relaxation. The minds of men and women have been so engrossed with stern realities that they find in the fictions of the stage, no matter how trivial, a grateful relief from the stress of the happenings that so long have made the bulk of our talk, our reading and our thoughts.



EVEN such examples of the girl-and-music form of entertainment as "Little Simplicity" and "The Canary," produced almost simultaneously, have something of value in a time when diversion is a real need. They vary only in details from their countless predecessors of the same sort, and have a family resemblance to each other. In the former we have the girls, music, comedians' fun, costumes and brilliant settings threaded on a thin story, with the coloring that of the Orient and Paris. The latter has a formidable list of musical and verbal creators, and is bolstered with the daintiness of Julia Sanderson and the humor of Mr. Joseph Cawthorn with its punctuations of vulgarity.

There is nothing of unusual distinction about either "Little Simplicity" or "The Canary," but they are fair samples of a type of entertainment that furnishes diversion to a large number of persons.



AT the opposite swing of the pendulum have been Mr. Robert Mantell's performances of "Richelieu," with which he opened his season of classical repertory, supported by Miss Genevieve Hamper and Mr. Fritz Leiber. The star's loyalty to his school is notable at a time when every other purveyor of amusement is seeking to exploit only the newest of new fields. He is a satisfactory if not by any means the greatest *Richelieu* within memory. His company gave an intelligent rendering of Bulwer Lytton's famous play with its curious combination of rhodomontade and brilliantly effective lines.

NO family should be without one of the useful wireless cannon which is the most interesting feature of "The Long Dash." The marvelous weapon seems to have almost human intelligence and could be used most effectively in the family circle against intruding burglars, persistent duns, visiting mothers-in-law and boresome callers. In the play it is the bone of contention among profiteering capitalists, foreign spies and the heroic characters of the play.

About this invention, adroitly introduced and expertly handled as a stage property, the authors have woven an almost equally ingenious melodramatic plot. It rescues the virtuous characters from apparently hopeless difficulties in a masterful manner, and at suitable intervals springs effective surprises on the audience. At no point is the interest permitted to lose itself.

"The Long Dash" is well put on and well cast. With the aid of a little too obvious stage mechanism Mr. Robert Edeson doubles successfully as the two bad brothers whose physical resemblance furnishes a large part of the plot, particularly as in morals they are the direct opposite. Most prominent in the cast is Mr. Henry E. Dixey, who as *Sartoni*, a polished spy, is delightful in diction and wonderfully graceful in carriage. It is a joy to see such finished acting, emphasized, as it is, by its rarity.

"The Long Dash" will keep anyone awake.



LOVE seems to catch 'em young in Indiana, according to recent plays of that locality and to the latest one, "Home Again," founded on the verses and, to a small extent, on the life of the late James Whitcomb Riley. The author has

performed something the same difficult task with his fragmentary material that the authors of "The Better 'Ole" have accomplished with the Bairnsfather pictures. In the present case the atmosphere is entirely rural American, and the interest a sentimental as well as quaintly humorous one. Mr. Riley, as his admirers know, combined poetry and humor in very sane proportion, which makes the author's task more easy than would at first appear. "Doc" Townsend, the patent-medicine showman unctuously reproduced by Mr. Arbuckle, would be a valuable humorous asset in any play, and to the character of "The Raggedy Man" Mr. Tim Murphy brought a delightful combination of pathos and comedy that made him the central figure among the reproductions. "Orphant Annie" was given an unusual and thoroughly effective embodiment by Madeline Delmar. Mr. Riley himself in his early youth was called *Jim Johnson* in the play, and was made interesting, perhaps a bit photographic, by Mr. Henry Duffy. Of course there are children in the play and a number of the other Riley characters, all meeting the mental pictures suggested by the verses and stories.

The author gets his Riley effects to some extent by allotting bits of the poems to the various characters. "Home Again" is clean, its sentiment is of cheery and agreeable sort, and it seems to contain possibilities of great popular favor.



THE United States District Court, in an extra-judicial opinion applied to certain recent girl-and-music shows, has decided that those who create and interpret them are not artists, but artisans.

Metcalfe.

Confidential Guide

Astor.—"Little Simplicity," by Young and Barrett. See above.
Belasco.—"Tiger! Tiger!" by Edward Knoblock, with Frances Starr. Notice later.

Bijou.—"Sleeping Partners," by Sacha Guitry, with Mr. H. B. Warner. The art of stealing another man's wife wittily exploited in amusing French comedy.

Booth.—"Be Calm, Camilla," by Clare Kummer. Lola Fisher the agreeable star of a bright American comedy, admirably staged.

Broadhurst.—"Ladies First," by Messrs. Sloane and Smith, with Nora Bayes. Fun and music in generous quantity.

Casino.—"Sometime." Girl-and-music show of the usual frivolous texture.

Central.—"Forever After," by Mr. Owen Davis, with Miss Alice Brady. A whiff of war interest injected into an atmosphere of old-fashioned sentimentality.

Cohan.—"Head Over Heels," by Messrs. Woolf and Kern, with Mitzi head-lined. Tuneful operetta giving ample opportunity for the gamine star.

Cohan and Harris.—"Three Faces East," by Mr. A. P. Kelly. Well played and interesting spy drama.

Comedy.—Last week of "An Ideal Husband," by Oscar Wilde. Witty comedy of English society at the end of the Victorian reign.

Cort.—"The Better 'Ole," by Messrs. Bairnsfather and Eliot. The artist's fun with the English "Tommy" successfully transferred to the stage.

Criterion.—"Three Wise Fools," by Mr. Austin Strong. Diverting and well acted comedy study in American bachelor life.

Eltinge.—"Under Orders," by Mr. Berte Thomas, with Effie Shannon and Mr. Shelley Hull. A well played and interesting novelty in war dramas with only two in the cast.

Empire.—"The Saving Grace," by Mr. Haddon Chambers, with Mr. Cyril Maude. Slender but amusing English parlor comedy.

Forty-fourth Street.—Mr. Robert Mantell in repertory, beginning with "Richelieu." See above.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Big Chance," by Messrs. Morris and Mack. Well done play showing some of the good effects of war on character.

French.—Repertory of French plays by imported company. Interesting for those who know French, and educational for those who want to.

Fulton.—"A Stitch in Time," by Bailey and Meaney. Rather commonplace drama with Irene Fenwick a sweetly naive Cinderella.

Gaiety.—"Lightnin'," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon.

Character comedy with sidelights on the divorce industry of Reno. *Globe*.—"The Canary" with Julia Sanderson and Mr. Joseph Cawthorn. See above.

Harris.—"The Riddle: Woman" with Mme. Kalich. Danish drama with blackmail as its theme and the star as a picturesque heroine.

Henry Miller's.—"Daddy Long Legs." Notice later.

Hippodrome.—"Everything." Ballet, spectacle and vaudeville.

Hudson.—"Friendly Enemies," by Messrs. Shipman and Hoffman, with Messrs. Mann and Bernard. Some fun and some pathos derived from the problems of the German-born American.

Lengacre.—"Nothing but Lies" with Mr. William Collier. The star and a good cast making much fun with slender material.

Lyceum.—"Daddies," by Mr. John L. Hobbie. An excellent demonstration of the humanizing effect of French war orphans on American bachelors.

Lyric.—"The Unknown Purple," by Messrs. West and Moore. Crime melodrama with an interesting new development.

Manhattan.—Revival of "The Auctioneer" with Mr. David Warfield. The star's excellent depiction of an East-Side type.

Maxine Elliott's.—"Tea for Three," by Mr. R. C. Megrue. Unusually witty and ingenious American polite comedy.

Morosco.—"The Remnant," by Messrs. Nicodemi and Morton, with Florence Nash. Notice later.

Park.—Repertory of opera comique by the Society of American Singers. Good rendering of the lighter standard operas.

Playhouse.—"Home Again," derived from the poems of James Whitcomb Riley, by Mr. Robert McLaughlin. See above.

Plymouth.—Tolstol's "Redemption" with Mr. John Barrymore. Drama of Russian degeneracy with admirable performance by the star.

Republic.—"Where Poppies Bloom" with Marjorie Rambeau. The husband, the wife and the spy in a French triangular drama of the war.

Selwyn.—"Information, Please," by Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin, with the former as the star. Agreeable international comedy, pleasantly acted.

Shubert.—"The Betrothal." Sequel to "The Blue Bird," by Maeterlinck. Notice later.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"The Long Dash," by Messrs. MacKay and Mapes. See above.

Vanderbilt.—"The Matinée Hero," by Messrs. Dittrichstein and Thomas, with the former in the title rôle. Well played and interesting comedy of the domestic relations of a popular actor.

Winter Garden.—"Sinbad" returns to the home where it first brought joy to the t. b. m.



"HE CURSED THE DAY HE WAS BORN"

To a Baby, Nowadays

NOTICE: Before arriving on the scene it is essential that you should remember that conditions are not quite normal, and you should, therefore, be prepared to accept them as they are, and not as you should like to have them. You should know how to cook, how to mend your own clothes and how to play in the back yard by yourself without any other companion than the next-door neighbor's cat. You should also develop some internal resources of your own, in order that you may not become too lonesome while the folks are away doing war work. It would be well for you to take a light course in plumbing, so that in case the pipes burst during the absence of the owner you will know how to fix them up without material damage to the premises.

It would be well for you to take a course in telephoning, as in all probability the bell will ring quite often, and you will be required to answer it. In order to amuse yourself properly, we suggest that you be born only in a house where there is a pretty good phonograph on hand. You can turn

on the cylinders to suit yourself during your melancholy moments.

In case your father and mother should by any chance return to the house unexpectedly, do not greet them with a loud and resounding yell. On the contrary, appear calm. They are probably all in, any way, and the least you can do to help win the war is to keep them as composed as possible under the harrowing circumstances.

A Couple of War Pictures

HERE are two paragraphs from a letter from a Yankee boy who joined the Black Watch (Scotch) in Canada, and, after many days and adventures, brought up last August in a British hospital in France:

HOW HE MADE BLIGHTY

The wily Hun, in the endeavor to protect one of his strong points, constructed, or rather dug, a series of pits about three feet deep and ten feet wide, which he lined with sharp stakes and filled with tangled barbed wire. The pits were covered with a camouflage of sticks and twigs, which rendered them practically undistinguishable from the surrounding underbrush.

The main object was to confuse the cavalry, should they happen to attack there; but no hussars, dragoons or lancers passed that way—whereas I did.

I did not become aware of the fact that my ankles were a bit lacerated until we had turned over what remained of Heinie's strong point to the salvage corps. At this juncture my attention was directed to my hose tops, which were suffused with a sample of New Rochelle's bluest blood. I thought I had been hit, and I



YOU'RE WRONG

THIS IS NOT A BALL GAME—IT'S A COAL-YARD



OBSERVING THE SABBATH

immediately (as O. Henry says) pressed the button that connected with the welkin, and caused it to ring with songs of praise, gladness and thanksgiving. I tenderly deposited my rifle and equipment in the deepest and wettest shell-hole visible, and

then proceeded rapidly in a direction exactly opposite to that which Marshal Foch had indicated as our objective. In other words, I beat 'it for the rear.

CAMP UPTON TROOPS IN FRANCE

Over a month ago the British Guards Division, who were holding the line on our right, were relieved by a regiment of Yanks from Camp Upton. I watched them coming up through the darkness, and the occasional gun-flashes and flare-lights gave me my first glimpse of the products of the selective draft. They were certainly a splendid lot, and it made me think of General Wood and how satisfied he must be at this substantial verification of his principle of universal military service.

I was sitting on the parapet of a communication trench in the rear as these boys filed up through the mud. They were going into the front line for the first time, and you can imagine they were a bit nervous and tense, and they looked at me as though I was just part of the Pathé News picture. I thought I'd relieve the tension a bit, and so asked, bringing my best Lexington Avenue lingo into play, "Say, what is this outfit, anyway—the Bronxville Boy Scout Brigade going to storm Yonkers, or just a delegation of Elks bound for the annual clam-bake in Flushing?"

You ought to have heard the uproar—in fact, the reserve officers in charge had to require quietness. This bunch had picked me for a regular dyed-in-the-wool Scotchman, and thought I never did anything but grunt, look sour and maintain a death's grip on my bank roll.

R. E. S.

WILLIS: Is he rich?

GILLIS: You bet. Why, he's got the most up-to-date car in town. It's a 1914 body with a 1916 top and 1917 tires.



Naturalist: WHAT AN OPPORTUNE YAWN! NOW I CAN FIND OUT WHAT THE BEGGAR FEEDS ON.

A Very Excellent Example

LIFE isn't given to patting itself on the back, but the printing of the following letter, whose compliments we hope are deserved, may, by example, help along the cause of the French babies. It comes from Garden City, L. I. The writer and his wife have taken the needs of the war orphans very much to heart, and have been most generous in their aid.

TO THE EDITORS OF LIFE: Mrs. K. would like to send five dollars for Christmas to each of the twenty French orphans you have assigned to me. Please let us know when the money should be in your hands.

"May I not say" that your cheerful, sane and enlightening magazine, small in size but large in vision, has the gratitude of thousands of Americans for coming to the aid of the French orphans. The space you have given and the time you have spent make me think well of you. In years past you have helped me to form sane opinions about things and life in general. You have made it easy to help the French children. Without LIFE we would not do so well. I feel grateful to you.

Yours sincerely,

November 4, 1918.

H. A. K.

With peace an established fact, it would not mean that the need of the French babies is any less. There are many French children whose fathers will be released by peace, to take up their former pursuits, but the little ones for whom LIFE pleads have no fathers to look out for their present and future. There are thousands of these who have not yet been reached by LIFE and the other agencies seeking to aid them. The recuperative power of France is wonderful, but her loss has been great, and it will be long before she will be able to shoulder this particular burden without help from her American friends.

For the purposes of the fund LIFE has received, in all, \$272,380.36, from which we have remitted to Paris 1,463,708.75 francs.

We have from

Brownsville Congregational Church, Brownsville, Conn., for Baby No. 3316.....	\$73
Miss Lois H. Whitin, Whitinsville, Mass., for Baby No. 3317.....	73



JACQUES VILLALONGA, BABY 2951, JACQUELINE, BABY 2952, AND THEIR SISTER



THE LOUBET FAMILY WITH DENISE AND SIMONE, BABIES 2823 AND 2824

The American Sunday School of Tampico, Mexico, for Baby No. 3318....	73
The officers and crew of the U. S. S. West Galoc, for Baby No. 3320.....	73
Winifred W. Windle, Millbury, Mass., for Baby No. 3321.....	73
Mr. and Mrs. Dean Emerson, Detroit, Mich., for Babies Nos. 3322 and 3323.	140
Miss Helen Auchincloss, New York City, for Baby No. 3324.....	73
Bessie B. Hathaway and friends, Cleveland, Ohio, for Baby No. 3325.....	73
Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Scott, Chicago, Ill., for Baby No. 3326.....	73
D. H. Grandin Milling Company, Jamestown, N. Y., for Baby No. 3327.....	73
Mrs. D. P. Lamoreux, Brantford, Ontario, Canada, for Baby No. 3328.....	73
W. J. Andrus, Aragon, New Mexico, for Baby No. 3329.....	73
The Sturgis Whist Club, Sturgis, Mich., for Baby No. 3330.....	73
Mrs. Horace D. Lentz, Mauch Chunk, Pa., for Baby No. 3331.....	73
Mrs. Harriet Campbell, Portland, Ore., for Baby No. 3333.....	73
The students and teachers of Hebron Academy, Hebron, Me., for Baby No. 3334.....	73
Miss Elizabeth Martin, Chicago, Ill., for Baby No. 3335.....	73
Miss E. F. Winston, Tientsin, China, for Baby No. 3336.....	73

RENEWALS: F. M. P., New Brighton, S. I., \$15; Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Scott, Chicago, Ill., \$73; Master Henry J. Moses, Jr., New York City, \$73; Dickie, Billie and Tommie Joy, Detroit, Mich., \$73; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. C. Tyler, Bridgeport, Conn., \$146; Mrs. Frank B. McQuestin, Marblehead, Mass., \$73; Miss Mary E. Williams, Glastonbury, Conn., \$73; Miss Martha B. Williams, Glastonbury, Conn., \$73; Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Kellogg, New York City, \$73.

PAYMENTS ON ACCOUNT: Ruth Anne Santley, Columbus, Ohio, \$4.50; Mrs. C. G. Parlin, Mobile, Ala., \$43; In memory of Emma B. Bryner, Davenport, Iowa, \$5; Mrs. Markley Stevenson, Easton, Pa., \$10; Harry G. Bickley, Williamsburg, Pa., \$3; Miss Lucie Weilenman, Shaw, Miss., \$6; A. F. C., Pittsburgh, Pa., \$20; Winifred Morris, Dover, Del., \$3; Mrs. R. J. McDonald, Valley City, N. D., \$6; Miss Lizette Ward, Washington, D. C., \$6; The Ethical Culture School, New York City, \$7; Mary S. Bullard, Boston, Mass., \$63; M. L. Hughes, Clarksville, Tenn., \$6; Herbert K. Salmon, Netcong, N. J., \$3; Mrs. R. H. Boyd, Seattle, Wash., \$5.

BABY NUMBER 3279

Already acknowledged	\$45.43
Mrs. Robert Fullarton, Marmarth, N. D.	1
Agatha Sunday School Class of the Maple Street M. E. Church, Lynn, Mass.	25
R. M. W., Mohonk Lake, New York.....	1-57

\$73

BABY NUMBER 3332

R. M. W., Mohonk Lake, N. Y.....	\$0.43
Proceeds from children's sale at Gearhart, Oregon.....	10
	\$10.43

PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO CHILDREN

This coming Christmas will be a memorable one to France. The little children who are the wards of LIFE's generous readers will have the sadness of their lot emphasized by contrast with that of other children whose fathers have not been taken from them as victims of the war. To cheer these orphans, to bring into their lives a bit of Christmas joy is the object of LIFE's Christmas Fund.

From Paris we are advised that the gifts will be purchased and distributed by a committee consisting of

LA MARQUISE DE GANAY, MADAME WADDINGTON,
MADAME CONLON, LA COMTESSE PHILIPPE D'ALSACE,
MRS. MORTON J. HENRY, MRS. OSCAR CROSBY,
MLLE. DE MONTMORT, MLLE. DIEMER.

One dollar for each will buy and deliver to the thirty-four hundred children on our list at Christmas a toy and a useful garment. The toys will be bought from wounded soldiers, and the garments from women reduced by the war to earning their own livelihood. Thus every dollar does a double work of help to those who sadly need it.

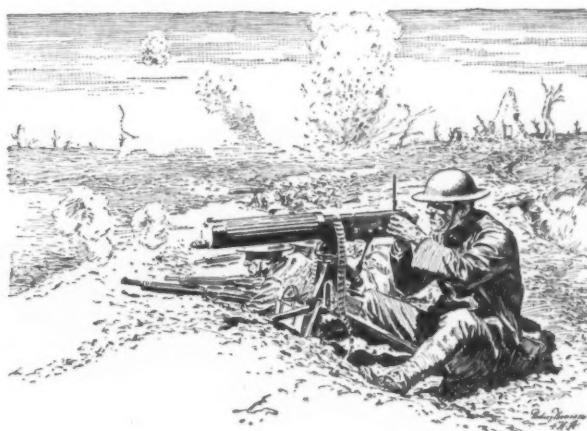
Present contributions make an average of fifty-two cents for each child. Will you not help to make it a dollar?

For the babies LIFE gratefully acknowledges from

Ruth Anne Santley, Columbus, Ohio.....	\$1
In loving memory of Clarence Wheelock, late volunteer ambulance driver in France.....	10
Miss Laura Jeanne Hudnell, Hamlet, N. C.....	5
"For Sister," Westfield, N. J.....	2
Laura Love Thompson, Greensboro, N. C.....	1
J. Warrant Castleman, Rochester, N. Y.....	1
Mrs. S. W. Eames, New York City.....	5
E. W. McNeal, Philadelphia, Pa.....	2
Sarah W. Ward, Vermilion, S. D.....	3
Gene Stratton Porter, Rome City, Ind.....	50
Miss Anna Willet, Cleveland, Ohio.....	1
Harriet, Barbara and Dorothea Bentley, Rochester, N. Y.....	2
Mrs. Richard A. Parker, Denver, Colo.....	10
E. L. C. Butler, Pa.....	10
Arthur Reeve, New York City.....	5
E. F. E., Washington, D. C.....	10
Mrs. G. Y. Lansing, Albany, N. Y.....	25
Mrs. C. O. Canfield, Los Angeles, Cal.....	5
Miss M. Giraud, Tampico, Mexico.....	2
Olive and Dorothy Lewis, Joliet, Ill.....	2
The Boys' Junior Red Cross Club of the Bernard Ginsberg Branch, Public Library, Detroit, Mich.....	2
Alonzo B. de Spelder, Bay City, Mich.....	2
S. J. W., Evanston, Ill.....	10
F. M. P., New Brighton, S. I.....	5
Winifred W. Windle, Millbury, Mass.....	27
Herbert F. Goodrich, Iowa City, Iowa.....	2
W. Eugene Kimball, New York City.....	10
Norman M. Ward, Orange, N. J.....	10
Mrs. W. C. McConaughy, Parkersburg, W. Va.....	10
Mrs. G. S. Hadley, Lucy I. Hadley, Marie Hadley and Bessie S. Hadley, Youngstown, Ohio.....	8
Frank Hehr, Shamokin, Pa.....	5
Mary P. Hoopes, Glens Falls, N. Y.....	5
Anonymous, Walpole, N. H.....	5
M. C. Duby, La Jolla, Cal.....	2
Frank Beckwith, Oakley, Idaho.....	2
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Mrs. D. P. Lamoreux, Brantford, Ontario, Canada.....	2
Mr. and Mrs. Albert M. Creighton, Lynn, Mass.....	5
A. G. Sawyer, Waterloo, Iowa.....	2
"A," Webster, Mass.....	25
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. C. Tyler, Bridgeport, Conn.....	4
Mrs. Edward Crabbe, Toms River, N. J.....	10
"Memory of Nancy," Brookline, Mass.....	10
Florence C. Perkins, New York City.....	10
Arthur P. Schmidt, Boston, Mass.....	10
Mrs. J. Harold Kulp, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.....	10
In Statu Quo Club, Lynn, Mass.....	6.25
Richard Stockton White, Narberth, Pa.....	5
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Edward D. Wetmore, Warren, Pa.....	10
Elizabeth McFarland, Syracuse, N. Y.....	5
Anonymous, Marshall, Texas.....	1



"WHIP BEHIND!"



HIS FATHER WOULD NEVER LET HIM HAVE AN AIR RIFLE



WHERE THE FOLKS WOULD LIKE TO BE

C. I. Junkin, Lexington, Va.....	2
Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Post, Los Angeles, Cal.....	10
Already acknowledged.....	1369.13
	\$1767.38

What to Read Next

WE shall begin to read something again presently—something, that is, besides the war news in the papers.

What is it going to be?

Shall we be reading war stories, the experiences of combatants, for the next twenty years? Are the airmen and the bombers going to sell books to us?

No; not unless they can write. Writers who have it in them can make books about anything, but it is what is in *them* that makes the books, and not what they choose to write about.

Of course there will be books about the war, and heaven send there may be some good ones; and of course the background of most books for years to come will be the war. There will be histories and memoirs, and a record will be made that will contain many things not generally known, and will not be nice reading for Germans.

But the books about to come will be forward-looking books about the next period in human experience. Every-



"I WOULDN'T WANT TO GO TO AMERICA NOW, 'CAUSE I'D ONLY HAVE TO COME BACK. WOULD YOU?"



"WOULD I? I'D BE SATISFIED IF THEY'D ONLY GIVE ME TIME ENOUGH TO MAKE A 'PHONE CALL."

body knows now about the war almost as much as he can hold. The mass of readers will reach for something that will help them to comprehend what has happened and where

they are and what they must do next. They will want to know what there is left in life besides graves and taxes, and whoever best tells them will be the best seller.



Kaiser: THE CHART CAN'T BE WRONG. I MADE IT MYSELF



The Mouse

A Study in Egotisms

SCENE: A drawing-room.

Persons: Clarissa, the Mouse, Purrline.

CLARISSA: Help! Help! A Mouse!
 MOUSE: Don't be alarmed! I'm here!
 I hurried when I heard you scream—

CLARISSA: Oh, dear!

MOUSE: If it jumps up at me I shall expire!
 If I may be permitted to inquire,
 Why are you standing there in such a fright,
 Upon a chair, clutching your frock so tight
 About your—

CLARISSA: Help! Oh, dear! I wonder what
 That girl's about! Good heavens! I forgot
 It's Jane's day out. There's no one in the house
 But me—

MOUSE: Fair lady! I am but a Mouse,
 A simple Mouse, but underneath this fur
 There beats a heart whose motto is *Sans Peur*.
 To see a lovely female in distress
 Rouses in me the spirit of *Noblesse*.
 To her protection instantly I fly.
 No common *Mus Domesticus* am I!
 You may have heard—

CLARISSA: If only Jane were here!
 What shall I do?

MOUSE: Dear lady, have no fear!
 As I was saying, doubtless you've heard tell
 How once a Mountain bore a Mouse-child. Well,
 I was that Child! Or rather, to be more
 Strictly veracious, 'twas my Ancestor;
 And sometimes when I dream of deeds Titanic
 I think that Mountain must have been Volcanic!
 So have no fear! If anyone should dare
 Molest you, I am here beneath your chair,
 Ready to spring—

CLARISSA: Mercy! I wonder why
 It squeaks like that! It's crazy! I shall die
 If it—

MOUSE: Sweet lady! Though I cannot guess
 From your queer speech the cause of your distress,
 Your voice quite meaningless to my Mouse ear,
 Is strangely sweet and musical and clear;
 And, though they violate our beauty-laws,

I never saw such shapely hinder paws
 As yours, so smooth and beautiful to see,
 So silky white, like sticks of celery.
 Upon each side a tender sprig of gold—
 Gold as pure Cheese, and toothsome to behold—
 Climbs up and up! 'Tis called, so I am told
 By Mice more versed in lady-love, a Clock.
 Once, it is said, a Mouse named Dickery Dock
 Ran up the—

CLARISSA: Ouch!!!

MOUSE: I wonder if I dare!
 Only the brave deserve—

CLARISSA: O Lord! This chair
 Is giving way! If it should break!—What's that?
 It's Purrline's mew! Here, Puss! Puss!—

MOUSE: What? The Cat!
 I'd love to meet him! But it's getting late.
 My wife's expecting me. I mustn't wait!

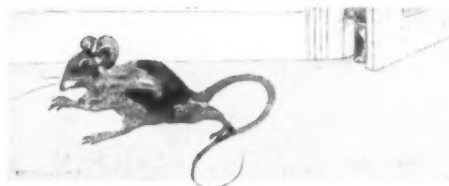
(Exit)

PURRLINE: Me-ouw!

CLARISSA: And is that all you've got to say?
 Did you expect the Mouse to wait all day?
 For all you care, I might have died of fright!
 My! But I'm glad it got away all right!

(Curtain.)

Oliver Herford.



Bad Little Boy: AW! GEE! HE MAKES ME TIRED! LOOK AT
 HIM MAKING A SEPRATE PEACE!

In the Line of Duty

POLLY was on duty in the motor corps service that morning. Mrs. Peters, in charge at Red Cross headquarters, called her up at seven o'clock, and said:

"My dear, there has been some complaint from the military authorities about our local service. Nothing serious, but some of the girls haven't responded promptly. So if you should happen to get a call, please do your best. Remember your drill practice, and act like a real soldier."

Later on in the day Polly had settled down to a lot of unfinished housework, when suddenly the call came.

"Go to officers' headquarters, — Bainbridge Avenue, and pick up the officer in waiting; take him the round of the homes for convalescents and, leaving him at the nearest railway station, report here."

Polly jumped into her car and was off. She made the address on Bainbridge Avenue in eighteen minutes. A man in uniform, who had been waiting, ran down the steps. She saluted mechanically. Then suddenly their eyes met. Could it be possible? It was really Jim—Jim, the boy she had parted with over a year ago. She had flung his ring back at him. Since then there had been an absolute silence. And now he was a captain! Jim! How straight and tall he looked! But her cheek still flushed with anger to think how wrong he had been. She put her shoulders back more resolutely than ever. This was war, and she, too, was a soldier.

The captain evidently felt the same way about it. But he betrayed no sign of recognition.

Stepping into the car, he said shortly: "Drive to — Halsey Street."

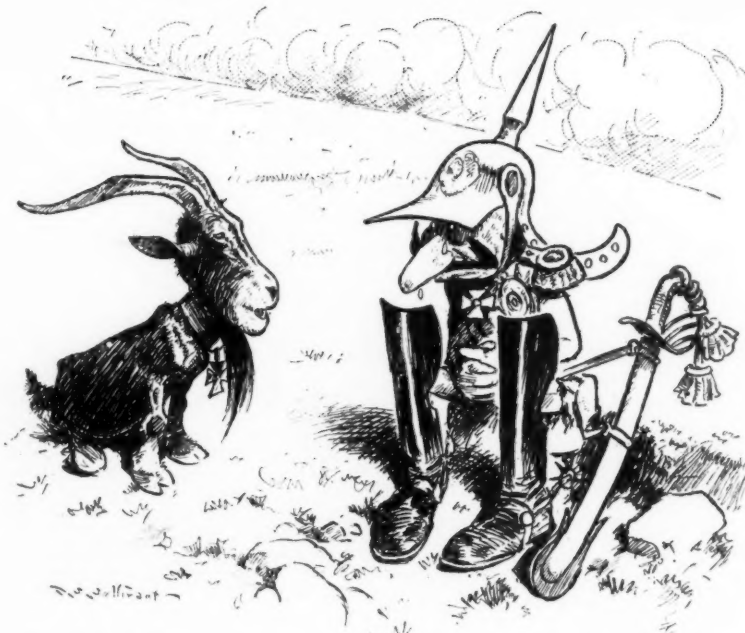
Polly took a fiendish pleasure in driving fast. She plunged him around corners, and on the straightaways speeded her trusty car up to fifty-five. Never a word from behind, although once she fancied him clutching the sides of the car.

The last call was made. It was nearly seven o'clock.

"Now drive me back to my quarters."

Polly saluted. She wasn't sure it was right to salute or not, but she did it on general principles.

"My orders were, sir, to finish your



The Kaiser's Goat: WELL, ALL-HIGHEST, I'M AFRAID THEY'RE GOING TO GET ME

calls, drive you to the nearest station and report back to headquarters."

"And my orders to you, young woman, are to drive me back to my office."

"I regret, sir, that I am obliged to obey the order of my own superior officer."

"So this is the kind of military service we are getting. Very well. How

far away is the nearest railway station?"

"About a mile and a half around the next turn."

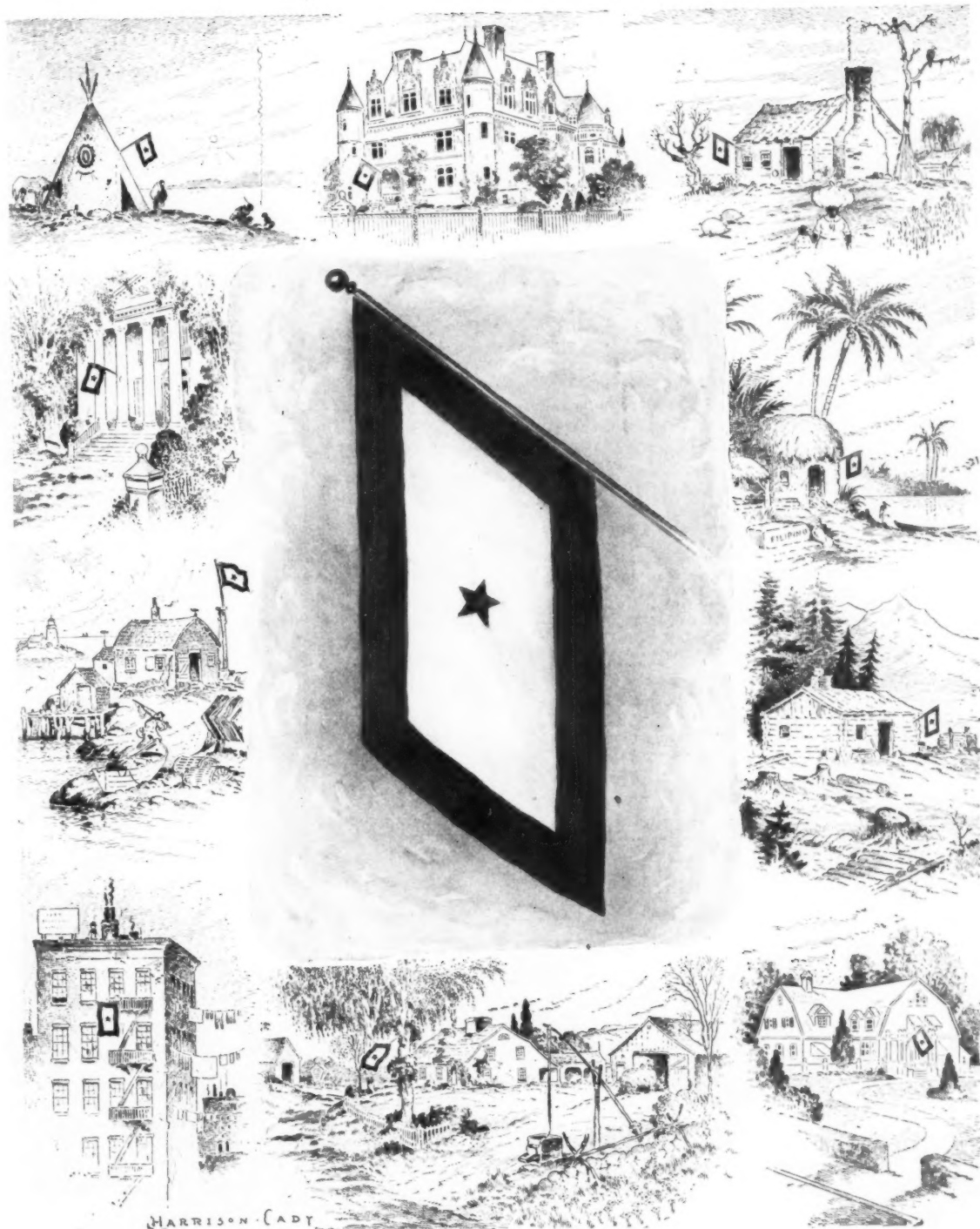
"Drive me there."

They turned the next corner at thirty miles. Suddenly she heard him call. There was a houseless stretch of road ahead of them.

(Continued on page 762)



NOBODY LOVES A FAT MAN



THE TIE THAT BINDS



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

A Neat Arrangement

"That is Elmer J. Pettifog. He is a member of the famous law firm of Strutt, Lowder, Hooks, Skinner, Bray, Pyffler & Snyder."

"But his name does not appear in the firm title."

"No, but they have a perfectly equitable arrangement; he does the work and the rest of them take the money."

—Kansas City Star.

Curiosity Satisfied

William E. Weber of the First National Bank says a woman came up to his window the other day with a cashier's check for fifty dollars.

"What denomination," asked Mr. Weber in his pleasantest manner.

"Lutheran," replied the woman. "What are you?"—Portland Evening Express.



Mother: WILLIE, HAVE YOU SEEN BABY?

"YES, MA. HE'S TH' GERMANS, TRYIN' TO HOLD THAT TRENCH."

What the Letters Meant

When George Reid, the high commissioner for the Australian commonwealth, was knighted, his democratic associates balked at calling him "Sir."

A heckler at a meeting called out, "Say, 'Sir' George, what does K. C. M. G. after your name mean?"

Without a moment's hesitation the new Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George answered, "Keep Calling Me George."

—San Francisco Argonaut.

Habit

While in a certain government office recently Sir Evan Jones, the British transport board chairman, overheard the following dialogue between two fair typewriter tappers:

"Isn't it terrible the way we have to work these days?"

"Rather! Why, I typed so many letters yesterday that last night I finished my prayers with 'Yours truly.'"

—Vancouver (B. C.) Province.

Nobody cares what happens to the Turk, just so it happens.

—Montgomery Advertiser.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

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Notice of change of address should reach this office ten days prior to the date of issue to be affected.

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Open All The Year

Equaling the famous springs of Europe, and resembling in the medicinal properties of its waters the popular Aix-les-Bains—Virginia Hot Springs is now the Mecca for those suffering from nervous disorders, gout, rheumatism, obesity, sciatica and similar troubles.

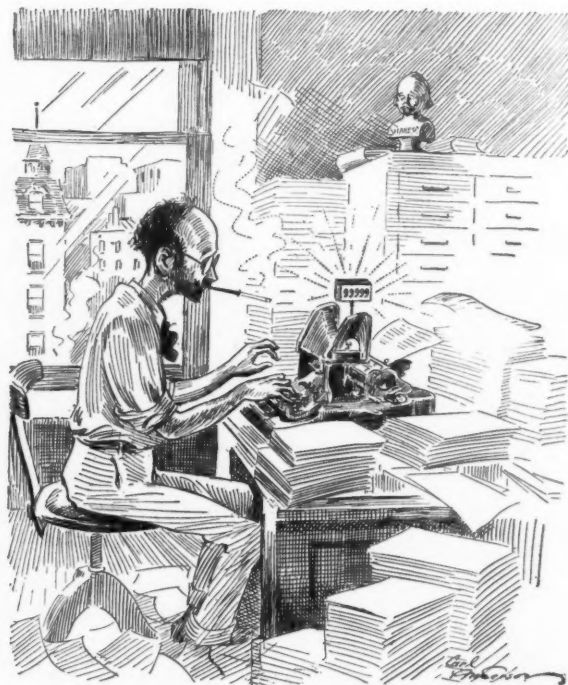
Society and business executives are gathering at the Homestead, which—protected by sheltering hills—enjoys a winter that is vigorously bracing and unsurpassed for golf, riding and tennis. The \$5,000,000 equipment of this cure is at your service.

Just over night from Washington. Reservations can be made at the Ritz-Carlton Hotels, New York and Philadelphia. Write for the Homestead Book. Address



The Homestead

CHRISTIAN S. ANDERSEN, Resident Manager
Hot Springs Virginia



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A COUNTER ON HIS TYPEWRITER TO REGISTER HIS OUTPUT

There's something about them you'll like.



Herbert Tareyton
London Cigarettes

Herbert Tareyton London Smoking Mixture
Sample upon request
Tobacco Co. 1792 Broadway, New York.

Teufel-Hunden

THERE'S nothing any merrier to sport with than a terrier,

A slick and clean bull terrier who's full of vim and pep;

He has a patient way with him, and little kids can play with him,

But—if you don't look good to him you'd better watch your step!

The Leathernecks are very like the terrier; they're merry-like

And gentle with the children, and with women they're the same.

But Huns who've met a few of them have quite another view of them—

They call 'em *Teufel-Hunden*, and I guess they've earned the name!

Their lineage is a mystery in zoologic history—

Web-footed ocean terriers who fight on land as well—

And Teutons who are facing them cannot be blamed for placing them

As fire-and-brimstone Devil-Dogs whose habitat is Hell;

And yet they're simply nervy chaps who have no use for scurvy chaps,

And so they fight the Germans with a wallop and a will.

They've chased 'em here and thereabout, whatever was their whereabouts,

And names like *Teufel-Hunden* are a tribute to their skill!

"They do not fight us fair at all," says Fritz, "for they don't care at all

What portions of their guns they use, the butt or bayonet;

And though they start by shooting us, they presently are booting us

Or banging with the barrel on our heads, already yet.

And once when we surrounded them and thought we had impounded them

Where surely to surrender was the only course in view,

They gave a raucous shout again and cut a pathway out again,

Then pushed us back a mile or so, which wasn't fair to do!"



On Troubled Waters

"I'd rather have a case of Nujol aboard ship than a case of Scotch whiskey" said a destroyer-ensign the other day. "And that's spoken with proper respect for the Scotch, too!"

Don't let's argue the point. It is not so much a matter of taste as of necessity. Why is it that a case goes aboard whenever he's preparing to sail?

Constant alertness and vigilance mean broken watches, broken watches mean irregular meals and sleep and disregard of Nature's calls.

Sustained alertness, and the power to work hard and long depend upon regularity of bowel movements, whether you're at sea or ashore. Those sailors have tried pills, castor oil, salts, and other medicines in vain—they know such drugs only *weaken*. They have learned that Nujol acts gently and surely and is absolutely harmless—helps a system under strain to sustain its strength by functioning normally and regularly. They know it's not a drug.

What's good enough for our navy is good enough for you.

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50 Broadway, New York

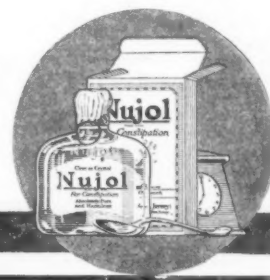
Nujol For Constipation

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For valuable free booklet "Thirty Feet of Danger" write name and address on margin and mail to Nujol Laboratories Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), 50 Broadway, N. Y.

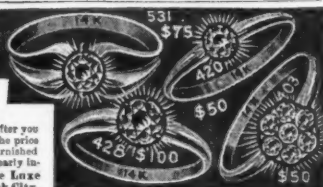
Name.....
Address.....

Warning: Nujol is sold only bearing the Nujol Trade Mark. All druggists in U. S. and Canada. Insist on Nujol. You may suffer from substitutes.



Heal Itching Skins With Cuticura

All druggists: Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."



That's how the Teutons speak of them, astonished at the cheek of them,
And all the ways of our marines they cannot understand;
But, gee! it makes us proud of them, the blithe and valiant crowd of them,
These soldiers of the navy and these sea-dogs of the land.
From German words censorious we make a title glorious,
And when our Yankee Leathernecks appear upon the scenes
The Huns shall fear the sight of them and dread the wicked bite of them,
These *Teufel-Hunden*—alias United States Marines!

Berton Braley.

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



The Uneducated French

Negro troops from Louisiana have a linguistic advantage over other American soldiers. Many of them, through living in sections where French still is spoken, are more or less familiar with the language of this land when they get here. But they have their difficulties, nevertheless.

"It's dis way," explains one. "Ah talk French puhfectly, but not de kind dey talk in dis country. You see, Ah learned French from mah fathah—de pure, classical, ole New Orleans French—and dey don't speak dat kind ovah heah."

—Stars and Stripes.

Misplacing the War.

As everybody knows, Camp Devens is located at Ayer, Mass. A little girl was taken by her father to visit the camp, and was much impressed with what she saw there. But on the way home she suddenly asked, "Daddy, where is the war, in France or in Camp Devens?"

"Why, in France, of course, my dear," was the reply. "Why?"

"Then if it's over there, why do we sing about bombs bursting in Ayer?"

—Watchman-Examiner.

"I'm going to get a divorce. My wife hasn't spoken to me for six months."

"Better be careful. You'll never get another wife like that."

—Boston Transcript.

What a Young Man ought to know

Stall's Books

HELP WIN THE WAR

NO nation has ever made the same efforts to keep its boys clean and strong as America. Stall's Books teach boys and men, girls and women that right living and thinking will bring Victory.

"WHAT A YOUNG BOY OUGHT TO KNOW"
 "WHAT A YOUNG MAN OUGHT TO KNOW"
 "WHAT A YOUNG HUSBAND OUGHT TO KNOW"
 "WHAT A MAN OF 45 OUGHT TO KNOW"

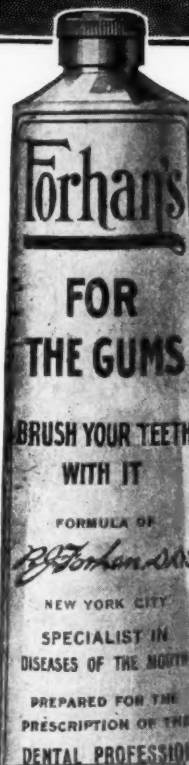
"WHAT A YOUNG GIRL OUGHT TO KNOW"
 "WHAT A YOUNG WOMAN OUGHT TO KNOW"
 "WHAT A YOUNG WIFE OUGHT TO KNOW"
 "WHAT A WOMAN OF 45 OUGHT TO KNOW"

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Inflamed gums—a cause of loose teeth



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PYORRHEA is undoubtedly a vital danger to both gums and teeth. Tender gums indicate it, and with it come loosening teeth. Imperceptibly at first, the gums recede from the normal gum line. They inflame. They present many tiny openings for millions of bacteria to attack the unenameled tooth base. Tooth-base decay quickly follows. Even if the cavity be filled and the tooth saved, the gums continue to recede. Remember, too, that inflamed and bleeding gums act as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Against this Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease) ordinary tooth-pastes are powerless. Yet Pyorrhea attacks four out of five people who are over forty, and many under this age. But Forhan's—if used in time and used consistently—positively prevents Pyorrhea. It is a scientific tooth cleanser as well. Brush your teeth with it. See how promptly bleeding or gum tenderness ceases and how your teeth are kept white, clean and free from tartar.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

30c and 60c tubes
 All Druggists
FORHAN CO.
 202 6th Ave., N.Y.
 Send for Trial Tube Free

INEXPERIENCED ORDERLY OFFICER: This for the men's dinner? Soup, I suppose?

COOK: It's really tea, sir; but I can put a few carrots in and call it soup. They won't know the difference!

—Tit-Bits.



"SECOND THOUGHTS OF AN IDLE FELLOW"

Sagacious

"And when does the wedding take place, Miss Blank?" asked the genial proprietor of the little stationery shop.

"The wedding!" exclaimed the young woman, blushing. "Why, you don't think—"

"Ah, Miss Blank!" rejoined the old bookseller. "When a young lady buys a hundred sheets of paper and only twenty-five envelopes I know there's something in the wind!"—Tit-Bits.

Rules for Modern Living

Don't walk, write.

Don't write, telephone.

Don't telephone, send a messenger.

Don't send a messenger, take the nearest subway or L.

Keep out of the subway and off the L; walk.—New York Evening Post.

THE KAISER: Rosner, don't these damnable French have a phrase that fits them and their diabolical associates?

ROSNER: Your majesty must be thinking of the Entente Terrible.

—New York Evening Post.

MISS BETTY PRETTYNOSE was in a quandary because two of her best young men had each sent her as a Christmas gift a year's subscription to LIFE. It was solved when she found that she could have one subscription for two years instead of two for one year, and therefore she was reminded of her tasteful admirers one hundred and four times instead of fifty-two.

Gray Hair Questions Answered

FILL out and mail the coupon for a trial bottle of **Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer**, and learn how to bring back the original color in from 4 to 8 days. Easy to apply, pleasant to use.

Not a crude dye but a clear colorless liquid, clean and dainty as water. Tell the exact color of your hair—if possible enclose a lock in your letter. Don't give up hope but learn how to stop that gray hair! Send the coupon today.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
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Please send me your free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. The natural color of my hair is
☐ black ☐ dark brown ☐ medium brown ☐ light brown

Name.....
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Sedan
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Combining the comfort features and all-season satisfaction advantages of modern Sedan tops. Over 30,000 cars now equipped with them. Immediate deliveries. Write us for prices giving name and model of your car.

Detroit Weatherproof Body Co.
Pontiac, Mich., U. S. A.

Books Received

The Lure of Music, by Otis Downes. (Harper & Brothers, \$1.50.)

Foes, by Mary Johnston. (Harper & Brothers, \$1.50.)

Josselyn's Wife, by Kathleen Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.40.)

The Future of German Industrial Exports, by S. Herzog. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.)

Twenty-one, by Dr. Frank Crane. (Doubleday, Page & Co., 50 cents.)

Elizabeth's Campaign, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.)

What Is Love? by Isaac Newton Stevens. (Duffield & Co., \$1.35.)

Camouflage Cookery, by Helen Watkins Moore. (Duffield & Co., \$1.)

Sonnica, by Vincente Blasco Ibanez. (Duffield & Co., \$1.35.)

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Ask for Bachia's and get the best



Don't Crowd, Please. Line Forms On the Right

"HOW much for souls?"

The one who stood back of the bargain counter of eternal life looked at the newcomer interrogatively.

"Souls!" he replied. "Have you any for sale?"

"One. It belongs to me."

"Why should you wish to sell it?"

"Well, I've given up everything else I had to help win the present war—to make the world safe for democracy. I've contributed nearly all my fortune to this war, and the balance I've used for Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps, and I've even put them up for collateral. I thought if my soul was worth anything, I would also realize on that."

"Well, here's a million dollars. It's a high price, but your soul is valuable. Take this ticket: you can come back after the war and redeem it."

The man without the soul took the money and was about to leave, when he suddenly turned back and said:

"You spoke of redeeming my soul. That means that I shall have to pay back this million. But, in addition, how much interest will you charge me?"

"Four and one-quarter per cent."

The man without a soul made a rapid calculation. Then he handed back sixty thousand dollars.

"I calculate," he said, "that the war will last another year. I don't want to have you lose the year's interest, so I'll pay it now—in advance."

"But, my friend, it isn't quite sixty thousand dollars, for you have deducted the full amount on one million in advance. Besides, the war may not last another year."

The man without a soul did not hesitate.

"That's all right," he replied. "Just take the difference, whatever it is, and turn it over to the French babies."



"I'M SORRY I WAS SO ROUGH, PERCY. BUT ALL TH' TIME WE WERE WRESTLIN' WAS PRETENDIN' YOU WERE A GERMAN."

In '65

when grandpa marched home from war, Piso's was an old favorite. To-day it is more popular and more widely used than ever.

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In the Line of Duty

(Continued from page 756)

"Will you stop one moment?" He had jumped over the seat and was sitting beside her.

"Polly," he said, "we've both done our duty by Uncle Sam. Tell me you forgive me! Say that it's all right. I have thought of nobody else but you ever since that foolish evening. I was too proud to ask you to take me back. Oh, Polly!"

Polly was raging inside. To think he had waited all that time. Then the stern reproof he had given her. She couldn't forgive him. She was silent.

"Polly, you must make up with me. It has just got to be. You scared the life out of me driving so fast. If you hadn't loved me just a little you wouldn't have done that. Oh, Polly, just say something!"

Five minutes, ten minutes, fifteen minutes passed, and still the captain pleaded. Still she scorned him. Then they began to talk, and then—

Thirty minutes later a squirrel, sitting nonchalantly on a neighboring tree, said to himself:

"My! but those people have a nerve! I really believe they are trying to make a sound like me."

* * * * *

The next morning Polly strolled into Red Cross headquarters. Mrs. Peters was still at the desk.

"Look here, Polly," she cried out, "didn't I warn you yesterday morning to be careful about the way you took

your calls, and to be right on the job? Remember, those officers are a lot of military cranks; but we simply must not let them put anything over on us."

"Why, what happened?"

"That captain you took out yesterday—I just called him up at his office to ask him how he liked our motor service, and what do you suppose he said?"

"Well, what did he say?"

"He said the young woman driver

who had him out yesterday drove him so fast that he was in constant suspense, and then, after her call had been completed, kept him waiting for thirty minutes unnecessarily, just because she couldn't make up her mind whether to drop him where he was or not."

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